

The Fantasy

by Adrian Tullberg

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Summary: Mulder spills it ... and surprisingly, Scully wants to do it ...

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>Mulder looked sharply at his long-time partner, full of disbelief.

"You would do it?"

>Scully smiled faintly at him, in the opposing bed in the cheap motel room. "Mulder, when you told me about this ... I mean, everybody has their fantasies, and it struck me as well ... more that just a little weird. But for all this time we've spent together, we've never done anything social, done anything ... anything for us, when you think about it."

>"And you want to use my lifelong dream ... which, I might at, was dragged out of me at three in the morning ... as some kind of bonding exercise?"

>Scully stretched under the covers, Mulder's brain forced to shut down and reboot at the thoughts that movement inspired. "It's not like I've done something interesting in the time we've known each other..."

>"I'll try and get onto the X-Files that promise non-stop thrills from now on."

>"You know that wasn't what I meant-" Scully retorted, starting to lose her patience. "Do you want to do this?"

>Mulder decided to shut up. "Yes please."

>"Okay. I saw a costume shop a mile away from here ... can you get the music by tomorrow?"

>***

>All Mulder had to do was e-mail the Lone Gunmen, and ask for the mp3 that he knew they had. While he waited for the large file to download - Scully's laptop wasn't top-of-the-range, he found a pair of speakers to attach to the soundcard.

>The drive to the little spot outside town was silent, the two long-time partners were consumed by their own thoughts and doubts

about their actions, neither wanting to admit their trepidation to the other.

>The little secluded clearing was perfect. While Mulder positioned the laptop and speakers, playing 'Stairway to Heaven' for positioning purposes, Scully was changing behind the rental four-wheel-drive.

>Mulder's change was hastily done before Scully emerged - her red hair brilliantly high-lighted against the virginal white of the flowing dress she chose. Mulder blinked rapidly at the vision before him, his long suppressed desire finally becoming flesh.

>She gave him a quick down-up glance, a faint grin on her face. "I like the shirt. Very ... George Lucas."

>"If I was as rich, would you marry me?"

>"No, but I'd sure as hell want a speaking role in the next two movies." At Mulder's confused expression, she gave a bemused sigh. "I have fantasies too, Mulder."

>"Scully ... " Mulder tried to convey the gratitude, the excitement he felt into words, failing dismally. "...thank you."

>She smiled, and came in close. "Who knows, Mulder ... I get a feeling I might enjoy this to."

>That did it, Mulder couldn't wait a second longer. He hit Enter on the keyboard, and the speakers started their tune, swelling majestically in the still air.

>When his cue came up, Mulder took a breath, and started.

>"Oh ... I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay ..."

>***

>It could happen...

>Please send any and all feedback to atullberg@my-deja.com

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